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CHEAP REPOSITORY.

Richard's Addreſs *to* his Lucy

ON THE

Firſt Return of their Wedding-Day.

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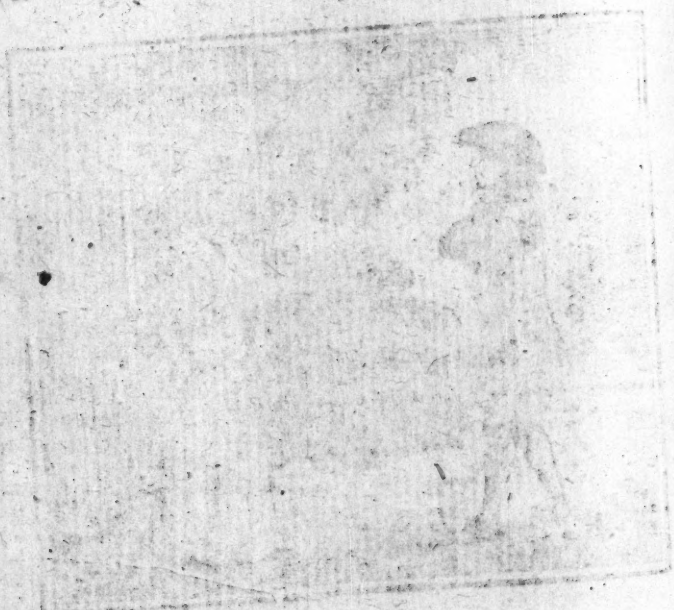

RICHARD's ADDRESS, &c.

A YEAR, my love, has now elaps'd,
Since you were mine for life;
Since heav'n my ev'ry wiſh fulfill'd,
In granting ſuch a wife.

And can my deareſt girl inquire,
From whence aroſe my love?
And can ſhe aſk what Richard ſaw,
In Lucy to approve?

'Tis true that Fanny on the hill,
By ſome was fairer found;
'Tis true that neighbour Cicely,
'Was worth full twenty pound.

But

But tho' like yonder op'ning roſe,
~~Young Fanny's beauties ſhine;~~
Yet Fanny cannot boaſt a mind,
So heav'nly fair as thine.

Small was the dow'r my Lucy brought,
T'increaſe my humble ſtore;
Yet had ſhe Cicely's wealth poſſeſs'd,
I had not priz'd her more.

I view'd her tend with duteous care,
Her ſick and aged ſire,
I view'd her grief, but grief refign'd,
On ſeeing him expire.

" Ah! ſure," I cry'd, " the girl whoſe worth
" Is prov'd in ſingle life,
" Will never fail when ſhe becomes,
" The parent and the wife."

Then with a trembling, anxious heart,
To Lucy I apply'd;
And Lucy, happineſs extreme!
Became her Richard's bride.

Yon ſpire amidſt the trees embower'd,
Still with delight I view;
For there I heard the joyful ſound,
That I was lov'd by you.

'Twas there our future fates were bound,
By wedlock's holy bands,
'Twas there the venerable prieſt,
Conjoined our willing hands.

While kneeling by the altar's ſide,
We took the nuptial oath,
Indulgent heaven well-pleaſed look'd down,
And heard our plighted troth.

And to that heav'n I dare appeal,
I have thoſe vows obſerv'd;
Nor from the duty that I owe,
Not e'en in thought have ſwerv'd.

But truly ſavage muſt I be,
To uſe my Lucy ill;
Lucy, whoſe hourly aim it is,
My wiſhes to fulfil.

With ſuch a wife could ought increaſe
My ſoul's enraptur'd joy?
Yes, heav'n another bleſſing ſent,
In our beloved boy.

Fain would I ne'er an inſtant quit,
The darlings of my heart;
And much I grieve each early dawn,
I muſt from Lucy part.

Yet when I think for you I toil,
For you and little John,
Each murm'ring thought flies far away,
And work goes briſkly on.

Till from the labours of the field,
Diſmiſs'd at cloſe of day,
With bounding feet, and lightſome heart,
I homeward bend my way.

My lovely wife and blooming boy
Receive me with a ſmile,
And ev'ry joy my heart can wiſh,
The evening does beguile.

Ye reſtleſs youths who ſtill prefer,
With each gay laſs to rove,
How little do ye know the bliſs,
That waits on virtuous love!

Yet, ah! my dear, the thought will riſe,
That prompts the deep-drawn ſigh;
The thought will riſe that brings the tear,
Unbidden to my eye.

Who ſhall aſſure my anxious heart,
That e'er this day return,
I mayn't of Lucy be bereft,
Nor ſhe her Richard mourn?

Then to the ſad ſurviving mate,
How chang'd the wedding-day,
Each pleaſing hope, each dream of joy,
For ever chas'd away!

Yet hence vain thought, nor longer tear
The faithful lover's heart;
Since comfort in the depth of woe,
Religion might impart.

The widow and the fatherleſs,
Are heav'n's peculiar care,
Nor will Almighty love reject,
The mournful widower's prayer.

Together ſhall ſhe journey on,
As long as God ſees beſt;
Perhaps together may we ſink,
Into eternal reſt.

Or ſhould it not be ſo, we'll truſt
To meet on yonder ſhore,
Where ſeparation, ſin, and woe,
Shall ne'er be heard of more.

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